

Bruce Hornsby, Lady With A Fan

Let my inspiration flow in token rhyme, suggesting rhythm
That will not forsake you, till my tale is told and done
While the firelight's aglow, strange shadows from the flames will grow
Till things we've never seen will seem familiar

Shadows of a sailor, forming winds both foul and fair all swarm
Down in Carlisle, he loved a lady many years ago
Here beside him stands a man, a soldier from the looks of him
Who came through many fights, but lost at love

While the story teller speaks, a door within the fire creaks
Suddenly flies open, and a girl is standing there
Eyes alight, with glowing hair, all that fancy paints as fair
She takes her fan and throws it, in the lion's den

Which of you to gain me, tell, will risk uncertain pains of hell
I will not forgive you if you will not take the chance
The sailor gave at least a try, the soldier being much too wise
Strategy was his strength, and not disaster

The sailor, coming out again, the lady fairly leapt at him
That's how it stands today. You decide if he was wise
The story teller makes no choice. Soon you will not hear his voice
His job is to shed light, and not to master

Since the end is never told, we pay the teller off in gold
In hopes he will return, but he cannot be bought or sold